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should call forth mutual aid, solace, gratitude, and self-forgetting love. Sorrow is the chief cement of souls. Death, coming in the order of nature, gathers round the sufferer sympathizing, anxious friends, who watch day and night, with suffused eyes and heart-breathed prayer, to avert or mitigate the last agonies. It calls up tender recollections, inspires solemn thought, rebukes human pride, obscures the world's glories, and speaks of immortality. From the still death-bed, what softening, subduing, chastening, exalting influences proceed. But death in war, death from the hand of man, sears the heart and conscience, kills human sympathies, and scatters the thought of judgment to come. Man dying in battle, unsolaced, unpitied, and a victim to hatred, rapacity, and insatiable ambition, leaves behind him wrongs to be revenged. His blood does not speak peace, or speak of heaven ; but sends forth a maddening cry, and exasperates survivors to new struggles.

Thus war adds, to suffering the unutterable weight of crime, and defeats the holy and blessed ministry which all suffering is intended to fulfil. When I look back on the ages of conflict through which the race has passed, what most moves me is not the awful amount of suffering which war has inflicted. This may be borne. The terrible thought is, that this has been the work of crime ; that men, whose great law is love, have been one another's butchers ; that God's children have stained his beautiful earth, made beautiful for their home, with one another's blood ; that the shriek, which comes to us from all regions and ages, has been extorted by human cruelty ; that man has been a demon, and has turned earth into hell. All else may be borne. It is this which makes history so horrible a record to the benevolent mind.

SKETCHES OF WAR.

PENINSULAR WAR.—England expended \$500,000,000 in the war. She subsidized Spain and Portugal besides, and with her supplies of clothing, arms and ammunition, maintained the armies of both, even to the Guerillas. From thirty up to seventy thousand British troops were employed by her constantly ; and while her naval squadrons continually harassed the French with descents upon the coast, her land forces fought nineteen pitched battles, and innumerable combats. They made or sustained ten sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, killed, wounded, and took about two hundred thousand enemies, and left the bones of forty thousand British soldiers scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula.

Nor was this all. They encouraged the divided forces and authori-

ties, and embroiled peasantry to mutual murder, plunder and violence. Joseph was supported by the great majority of the Spaniards; and against these, as against the French, the insurrectionary forces, paid and supplied by England for her own ambitious ends, were directed and encouraged in acts which no Indian savage ever perpetrated, and which would disgrace for ever all civilized men, were it not that war is legalized murder, desolation, violence, rapine, and maddened wickedness. And as the leader of these exploits, Lord Wellington is trumpeted as the greatest of modern captains, covered with military orders and titles, and fed with annual pensions sufficient to relieve the starving thousands of his countrymen who reap such satisfactory fruits of his glory in miserable destitution and want.

A CITY STORMED.—Look one moment at the scene of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. These cities were carried by assault, after infinite slaughter. Thousands rushed through the breaches, and trampled one another to death at the very mouth of the French guns which cut them down by regiments, while the shrieks and cries of the wounded, the howls of the maddened, the roar of ordnance, the shouts of an army, the bewilderment of midnight, and the horrible stench of burnt human flesh, lit up by the waning flash of unnumbered guns and musketry, seemed like the wild burning waves of the bottomless pit rolling over the souls of the shrieking lost. On, on they rush. There is no madness like a maddened mob. Hundreds were impaled upon the sharp sword-blades fastened in rows across the breaches; yet hundreds more pressed on and fell upon other tiers of the same horrible instruments. Over these as they writhed and shrieked, mounted others, and trod and crushed them down, till an army passed over harmless of the pointed steel beneath; and even horsemen rushed upon this causeway of living beings, and trampled and crushed it into a reeking jelly of human flesh and blood, and plunged onward through the crimson river which flowed beyond,—and thus the city was won! What then?—it was inhabited by Spaniards, whom British soldiers had crossed the seas to rescue from French thralldom. Ah! and did they now take them by the hand, and congratulate them upon this their deliverance? No! They rushed upon the city, and slaughtered, and pillaged, and violated every house. There was no order, no restraint; officers were shot in the streets by the drunken soldiery; old men and children were slaughtered promiscuously; and there was scarce a woman whose person was not violated; whole families were burnt up in houses by *friendly* Englishmen!—and thus reigned horror and dreadful carnage for two whole days. Yet for this has Lord Wellington a seat in the English peerage.

Our readers may imagine that this is colored too highly. Far from it. If the assault resembled “the burning ocean of deep hell,” the after scene was indeed “hell broke loose.” We cannot read it without a shudder; and yet no effort, it is said, was made to restrain the licentious soldiery.

STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—(From Charles O'Malley.)—Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance, when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low, murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope;

stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move.

It came at last: the word "march!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death, and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides; the hurried, fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre.

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay-packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men,—quietly!" said McKinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoken when a musket, whose charge, contrary to orders, had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upward toward the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns; compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain.

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader, as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing, crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph, and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonizing cries of the wounded and the dying rent our very hearts.

"Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in front, and as he spoke, the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made toward the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiring cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when

the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare; the whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangor of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled, the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way.

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn, the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision at the effort.

"Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death-notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like blood-hounds on their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death-struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant, an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the air; the rent and torn-up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims; for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them; both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, the bayonets gleaned upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

We would leave our readers to their own reflections on the preceding sketches, but cannot refrain from calling their special attention to a few points. 1. Here is the real character of war; and, when reflecting or arguing upon it, we should conceive it only in the light of *such*

facts. 2. Is such a mass of wickedness and wo necessary or expedient in *any* case for *Christian* nations? 3. Can it be right for the followers of the Prince of peace to lend such a custom their support or countenance in any way? 4. Let *women* look at these sketches, and see if *they* have no interest in the cause of peace.

PACIFIC SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The periodical press, coextensive in its influence with the whole reading community, is an engine of such vast power, that we hail with unwonted pleasure and hope its co-operation in the cause of peace. We seldom copy any thing from this source; but we give below a few extracts both from religious and secular newspapers, as indications of the stand they are beginning to take in favor of our enterprise. If *all* the newspapers in Christendom would do their whole duty on this subject, the war-system would not survive the present generation.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.—“Says a forcible writer, ‘If there is a sin superior to every other, it is that of wilful and offensive war. Most other sins are circumscribed within narrow limits, that is, the power of one man cannot give them a very general extension, and many kinds of sin have only a mental existence, from which no infection arises; but he who is the author of a war, lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death.’

This latter remark may, in the estimation of some, appear strong; but it is no less strong than true. War is a combination of all the evils that afflict the human family. It is the greatest curse that can befall a nation, and wherever its withering hand is stretched out, it disorganises society, arrests the progress of science and the arts, destroys the bounties of Providence, lays waste the beautiful face of nature, and hurries multitudes of immortal beings unprepared into the presence of their Maker.

It is surprising, that with the advance of light and knowledge in the world, the principles of national peace should have made such slow progress. Even at this day, and in this the most Christian nation upon the globe, we find the public mind in such a state as readily to respond to the call to resort to arms, for the most trivial causes. A slight difficulty cannot arise, but what a large portion of the community must in some way get up a war respecting it, and then put in jeopardy the interests of millions of the human family. Now if it be true that the surest protection against war is a state of preparation for it, then it is also true, that the surest way to destroy the war-like disposition in the community, is to enlighten the public mind in time of peace. For to declare against war when its evils are actually experienced, is, besides risking one's reputation for patriotism, to effect little or no good.

It were easy to commence a war between England and America; but when or where such a war would end, God only knows. To estimate the evils that would flow from it, would surpass all human calculation.”—*Boston Recorder*.